

The Dragon Rider's Dilemma

by tigerfire54

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Summary: Hiccup runs away from the Alpha nest, from his mother and cloud-jumper because he wasn't ready to take over as the dragon lord. He was caught by the Vikings living on Berk... He makes new friends and set out to search for his mother who mysteriously vanishes from their old island with the Alpha. Follows plot of HTTYD 1 and an AU after that... INFECTIOUS HICCSTRID!

1. Running Away

****Okay, I got the idea for this *air quotes* "one-shot" yesterday and was dying to get it uploaded. I have no idea if anyone else wrote a story similar to this...****

****Hmmn...****

****I support Hiccstrid, I love it, gods. (Okay, is it Hiccstrid or Hicstrid?) Well this was going to be a "one shot" but I decided it to be a story chapter. ****

****Why? No idea.****

****I thought making the whole thing from Hiccup's point of view but, I decided to use a method I am using in my other fandom fan fiction 'SlugTerra'. Not many know about it. It's just a Nerd Corps (Canada) Animated series...****

****It's available on YouTube as trailers and maybe as a few episodes...****

****Okay enough about other fandoms, it's like each chapter is in the POV of one of the characters, I repeat
_each**__**chapter**_**.****

****Let's get on with the story... ****

* * *

><p>HICCUP

I was flying high up in the clouds and her voice was replaying in my head. I groaned inwardly.

Beneath me Toothless purred as he shifted his weight and we were lowering down. I groaned as I fisted the air around me and fell flat on my back on my dragon, the Nightfury. My mother Valka and I had a talk and, seriously, I was in a bad mood. So I thought maybe flying might be helping me, but to no avail.

"Okay, I don't want to be the Dragon LORD!" I yelled, completely frustrated. Toothless crooned as he flapped his wings. My mom and I had a talk about me taking over controlling the Alpha after her.

I mean I was Twenty!

And I still needed to see the world. Also, I was no good at controlling the dragon. Also all that outspokenness, flying, destroying the hunters' ships, that was all her thing. Not mine.

What was my mother thinking?

"_Hiccup, I know it will be hard but I also know that you'll do it well. You have the heart of a chief, a leader, and the soul of a dragon. You alone can bring our worlds together. This change, it's just instrumental in finding out who you are, my son._" Her voice was soothing and deep, the perfect for a dragon lady. While... me?

I knew it I could never be her, all that she is, I'll never be her. And also I never met my dad. Mom said that he'd died in a dragon raid in a village. So no Dad and not Mom. Who was I?

I knew a billion things about dragons, having spent my blissful childhood with them. I knew my childish, younger-days ambition of becoming _The_ _Dragon_ _Lord_ after my mom, not _A_ _Dragon_ _Rider_. But now that the reality has hit me, I can feel the pressure it had on my mom, to control the Alpha, to make perfect plans and decide her strategy. I could never be anything.

Why had it to be me? Why couldn't I have had an elder brother or sister, who could take my mother's place as the Rider? Why was I supposed to be an only child?

I sighed. So many unanswered questions and only one answered question.

My Dad. He was dead.

* * *

><p>At last I touched down. I was in no good mood to see my mom now but if I, at least, could get my message to her, if it could save a lot of slack for her. She was in her room, a cavernous hole dug into the side of the mountain, the edges outlined with hexagonal rock that acted like steps. I had many secret rooms and passage ways that I used for easy transportations. So when I appeared from behind a

curtain of hanging vines, my mom was not surprised.<p>

"Hiccup, where've you been?" She asked me as she put away a few clothes. I scratched my head lightly and gave an awkward smile.

"Hey, Mom." I sighed and she cut me in.

"Have you decided?" She asked me as she sat down to take care of a Nadder's foot that was bruised. That was what I was talking about. She was taking care of a dragon and simultaneously maintaining a abnormal (well, that's how it felt to me. She knew about my hesitation and was yet asking me) conversation with me. She was, I don't know, awesome, a feral vigilante dragon lady. How in Odin's beard, could I master something she's had experience in for twenty years? I rubbed my neck as I sat on the bed.

"I don't know mom." I admitted. "It is a great thing, a big honour. But I don't think I am ready for it. At least, not yet." I sighed as I rubbed my palms. "No mom, I don't want to do it." I decided, looking at her, straight in the ice-green eye, when she turned around to me, her eyes furrowed and her mouth set in a stiff jaw. "Yeah, mom. Too much work and pressure. I can't-wont handle it!" I yelled as I ran out of the room, shutting out the now-growing-faint pleadings of my mother calling out, "Hiccup, come back!"

I just ran into my room and slid into a secret passageway just underneath the door. The keys were pretty difficult to find, but damn easy to use. It was just a depression into the ground/ wall that I had to push and the door would reveal itself. I didn't see Toothless in my room and I expected him to be with the Storm-Cutter Cloudjumper, my mother's dragon. I knew it then and there that I could never be a Dragon Lord, as my mother would tease me in my childhood, tickling me till I cried laughing. Those were the best of my days, the best, until now.

I collapsed onto the cool ground, my head in my hands and I let silent tears run down my freckled face. I decided to run away, away from the dragon Alpha/Bewilderbeast. Run away from my supposed future. The last one was harsh- run away from my mother, the one who brought me into our world, the one who taught me about our world. And the one who wanted me to rule our world. I wasn't ready yet. Why didn't she get that?

I stood up and followed the passageway to a fork, one going upwards, the other going a little right. I took the right one and emerged out in front of the Alpha, now dozing peacefully unaware that his human son was about to run away, away from all of... this.

I sneaked away on tiptoes and just before I entered my house I bowed down to the Alpha, giving my last respects to him, probably.

Mom was inside scratching the back of her dragon. When she saw me, well, get it that she was damn happy seeing me. I don't want to describe the way she put her arms around me and after a bone-splitting hug, let me go. She was pretty strong for a woman. The other women I had seen on my flights were bulky and well, Viking-like.

"I was so scared that you'd done something rash. You left Toothless

here." She gestured to Toothless, lying on the ground, his face, then-hidden, now openly giving out his toothless-gummy smile.

I felt guilty and a guilty smile formed on my face as I settled down beside my Nightfury, giving him the well-deserved scratching. "No Mom," I protested. "I just need some time alone." I said, without meeting her gaze, all my focus on Toothless' black scaly hide.

"Okay..." She said as she walked out, her dragon following her faithfully. "I need to check out the perimeters to make sure they don't cross it. I might come tomorrow."

I just nodded; not knowing what to do. I was about to run away and she'd given me the most perfect moment to put my plan in action. I waited until the loud flapping of the Storm-Cutter grew monotonous along with the roars of other dragons, before speaking to my dragon.

"Tooth, we're leaving." The dragon perked his ears up and cocked his head at me. Thor, I hated it when he did that. He pouted like a big baby boo just to melt my heart. But then I couldn't control a dragon. I didn't know how to. I never controlled Toothless, he did whatever he wanted to do. I don't know how to control the dragon using that Bone-Knapper staff of my mother

Argh... I hated these conflicting thoughts. Why did it have to be so complicated?

The dragon followed me silently to my room, its head bent low. I knew Toothless had wonderful memories here and to be frank, I too had many. But when I was not capable of leading the dragons against the hunters, what right did I have to live here, to live under the care of the Bewilderbeast and not be of use to anyone? Mom didn't understand. I mean, she is getting old and weak; age is taking its toll on her. She was no longer that energetic woman who would jump onto a Hunter's ship and free the dragons manually and single-handedly.

I was never her. Never could be her.

>Toothless nudged me. When I looked at him, I saw my tear-streaked reflection in its big black eyes. The tears were flowing down like a new stream. I wiped it hastily and began stuffing random things into a stolen rug sack. Many of the things we used were stolen from nearby settlements. When I flew with mom, I never felt guilty. Guilty, that I was robbing someone of a precious commodity. Now, I was leaving and the guilt that I was robbing someone of a precious commodity- more like the future chief of dragons, was gnawing at me, tearing out chunks of memories of my past, like as though it were my flesh. I was feeling empty every time I put a thing, like my clothes, in my bag. The house was clearing up, my room was getting empty and my heart was feeling heavy.<p>

What was happening to me?

I put in extra tailfins into the bag on Toothless. After that incident... I shivered, not wanting to relish the terrible incident where my best friend lost his freedom to fly. I had made a prosthetic that I controlled with my foot, putting the tail in a couple of gears to fly and, so far it has been useful. But when it comes to sleek

manoeuvres that require fast flying, it becomes tough.

One more reason my mother never let me fly on missions.

She was overprotective and now wanted me to take over as Chief of dragons, the Dragon Lord. And she expects me to do a good job. I sarcastically clapped my hands in my mind as I heaved the rug-sack over my shoulders.

I was leaving home, my home. Now.

One last look around, our last respect to the Alpha and a message for my mother should she come home soon, and we were off. I soared in the sky, the familiar Nightfury whistle roaring in my ears. How I loved it- the only part of training a dragon that was enjoyable.

In a minute the Nest disappeared behind our backs and we were flying smoothly over the calm blue sea, oblivious to the fact that my mother was going to cry, yell and go insane, reading my letter.

Oblivious to the fact that I had left a broken heart in my heart, the other waiting patiently in my mother's.

I had left home, never to come back.

* * *

><p>We had been flying for the most of the afternoon, the scorching sun, a gift for our pain-ridden backs. I stretched my stiffened hands and feet. We had crossed a few villages, none of them capturing my attention as they should have. My mother's loving advices of staying away from settlements were gongs of a bell in my ears, ringing like an alarm every time a village came in my sight. I sighed as I shut the alarm out.<p>

I was not going to forget her in near future.

Now it felt foolish to have done that, to have left my mother that way. A hasty decision of seeing the world for some time and then going back, nagged in the back of my head like a persistent flea, stubborn to let go.

Mom was gone. I had no mother now and no father. I was no longer Hiccup, the Dragon Lord. I had a fresh new start. A new beginning awaited me. A new Hiccup awaited me. A new Hiccup called-

At that moment all my thoughts came crashing down like the dragon I was riding on. Rough nets, thrown over me and Toothless, pulled at my skin leaving dark pattern of bruises on my hands and feet. The leather armour I wore (once again made from stolen material) protected me for gods-know-how-long in my life. My mask was pressed against my face, squashing my nose. I struggled in futility as we dived down to the ground at a great speed. Toothless groaned as he struggled.

"Hang in there, bud. We'll make it out." I looked at the now not-functioning tailfin to see the problem. The tail was not moving no matter how hard I tried. I gave up at the last moment. And was pulled down hardly. The ground came closer and closer and then... we crashed. I felt every singly bone in me, break to tiny pieces and I

blackened out, the last thing I heard, "...A dragon rider..."

* * *

><p>There was a dull pain in my head as I struggled to open my eyes. When I did, I found myself in a fairly small room, the fire blazing lazily in the hearth, flames flickering menacingly. My hand immediately went to my head as I began assessing the room. I was on a wooden bed; the door was right in front of me, ready to reveal someone behind it. I wrinkled my nose at the door to approve of my distrust, as though it would listen to me and shut itself. That's when I realised.<p>

Toothless.

I tugged at the blanket pulling it away from my body. I put my feet on the ground and realised I was barefoot. My helmet lay on a table beside the bed and the window let in a gust of cold air that sent shivers down my spine. My leather suit was taken off and was, hopefully, safe in Gods-know-where place. I was in my red shirt and an olive green pants.

The sun was setting in a lovely way, in hues of pinks, yellows and reds. I ran my hand casually through my hair, admiring the rare beauty, and winced. There was a bandage wrapped badly around my head, a small tuft of brunet hair in the front covering my eyes. it looked as though only my head was broken and nothing else. I pushed my hair aside and tensed.

The door was opening, creaking more like, and a girl stepped inside.

She wasn't much: a standard skinny girl of a good height, probably about my age, holding a tray in her hand and glaring at me. I too glared at her as walked towards me and placed the tray harshly on the table.

"Sit." She commanded and I sat onto the bed. She had long blonde hair reaching her back, braided haphazardly in an I-don't-care manner, metal headband (was that called a kransen?) on her head, the golden bang covering her crystal blue eyes. She had a fur hood and wore a red top over a spiked skirt and blue pants with fur boots.

Man, and were those eyes beautiful.

"Eat." She shoved the bowl on the tray into my hands and crossed her arms.

"What is this?" I asked as I spat out the first spoon-feed I took. I rubbed my face in a rude way and stared at her.

She had a questioning look on her face "Who are you?" She asked me.

"Where is Toothless?" I asked her but it clearly didn't help. She looked more confused (and cute in a Viking-like way)

"Who's Toothless?" she asked me; I sighed. This wasn't going to get me anywhere.

"My dragon? With a saddle and an artificial tail -" I raised my eyebrows in a questioning way.

"Oh!" the girl smacked her head. "The dragon? It is in the arena with the others." She shrugged and gave a mean look to me. "What were you doing with it?" She asked me.

"My dragon. My wish. Why do you interfere?" I folded my arms and stared at her. We had a staring contest for a few minutes which was disturbed by the knocking of the door.

"Astrid?" a fairly gruff voice muffled by the door called out.

"Yes chief!"

She called out at the same time I asked,

"Astrid?"

"Yes, that's my name." She nodded and the door opened to reveal a huge man with orange beard fanning out in every direction. He had a helmet with horns jutting out of the side of his head. He wore a dark fur cape over his green undistinguishable dress. He nodded at Astrid and she left. Then he turned to me.

"Where am I?" I asked the man. "What is this place?"

"You are on the island of Berk." The man spoke. "I am Stoick, the chief of Berk."

"Where's my dragon?" I asked almost immediately, anger and an unknown fear of losing my friend taking control over me. I remembered Mom's advice and regretted having not heard it.

"Oh ho," He gave a booming laugh I tried to shut out. But it was futile. Even with my hands over my ears. "The dragon will be killed tomorrow." He chortled as I felt a huge lump of useless rocks pinning me to the ground. He then leaned over me and whispered, putting his hand between him and the door as though it would shut the conversation of our side from the other, "The girl, Astrid? She's going to do the honours." Stoick smiled. "Now then, who are you?"

And I felt myself getting buried by that pile of useless rocks, again. I prayed for the Alpha to come and help me. And then I did the unthinkable.

I charged at him.

* * *

><p>I loved this story ... when I read it the second time as a draft. Like I mentioned before, this was going to be a One-shot but the idea was so good, I decided to give it a try. Already I am working on my other story and this will only increase my load. But I don't care.

Anyways ... Read, Review, Favourite and Follow.

See you soon...

2. Flight Plan

****O.M.G.****

****18 followers! You guys must really love the idea so much. I felt that maybe the jump into Berk was very direct... But Whatever...****

****TinySven247 ****and ****Story****.****Writer****.****2015:**** (For chapter 1) Glad to know your thoughts. Hope you like this chapter...****

****Story****.****Writer****.****2015 **** (for the chapter 2) Thanks. I cleared up some things. Made it clearer, I guess. Thanks for everything. I was distracted and I didn't know if I would be able to submit it yesterday, I didn't want any more "Please update! (s)" I know, I made a hasty decision, so I cleared of most of the mistakes. Though technically, Hiccup would be worried for Toothless, so none of it would matter. Technically. *smiles*****

****A new (updated) chapter.****

*** * ***

<p>HICCUP

Okay, maybe I didn't charge at him.

I pounced over him like Toothless pounced over me, the time I had saved his tail, not letting me move, pinned to the ground. He slipped off the chair and... Well let's say, old age has its tolls. What, that man must be forty-fifty years old?

He just fell down and gave an ear-splitting yell of pain. Again I shut my ears. Gods, he was louder than a Thunder-Drum, the dragon that could make you go deaf if you were in its field of roar. The whole room was vibrating as I struggled to my feet after being knocked down by the huge Viking. And the ground was so cold. It sent shivers down my spine

My head was throbbing of pain. I couldn't smell blood; so I knew my head was still intact; well, as intact as a broken cranium could be. The bandage was coming off, as it came in my field of view. I pushed it a few times as I rushed out and knocked into, what's-her-name Astrid; she seemed stunned and breathless, probably had rushed on hearing the roar of pain coming from that man.

Her sapphire eyes were wide, shocked and confused. For a moment I forgot that she was going to kill Toothless the next day and just stared at her. Then I lashed into her side and she crumpled onto the ground, giving a small grunt as she dropped to her knees. I knew she wasn't hurt but that would delay her for some time until...

Gods, the wood was so cold. I ran down a flight of stairs to my right. Downstairs, there was a table with a huge seat in front of, mercifully, a door. Beside it there were two more unused chairs, I didn't know why. Unsure, I drew a concealed dagger from underneath my shoulder sleeve. I couldn't believe that they hadn't found it. What

sort of people were they?

I opened the door and the bright sunlight hit me in my face. The sudden light made me to squeeze my eyes and I stared around. The house was on a hill, naturally, and was overlooking the small village and the unusually calm sea. The sun was setting, sending hues and gradients of pinks and oranges and yellows across the sky, dousing the tiny village in warm light. The view was so beautiful; something told me Toothless would have loved it.

And now I had to find him.

I raced down the hill and entered the village, through what I thought to be a square. Viking men and women hustled about doing their jobs, hammering, cooking, feeding and slaughtering animals.

Yep, a normal day for them and a totally bad day for me and Toothless.

I just wondered for a second what my mom would think if she saw see me this way, inside a Viking town with my dragon (okay, without him). I peeped at the pink sky just cautious that if she was seeing me. She'd be so cross...

Some of the kids who were fighting with wooden swords stared at me. Some other older girls looked at me and giggled. I rubbed my face and pressed my hair, frowning, wondering what they were laughing at.

I decided to use a technique my mother taught me, should I ever get lost away from my dragon. I cupped my hands around my mouth and mimicked a Nightfury. And that was a bad choice if you were living in a Dragon-killer zone. But ten years of bonding didn't go in vain. The call came out neat loud and clear. And so did the screaming of the children and the then clashing of metal against metal as the Vikings rushed into their houses.

It was all silent for a moment, just a moment before they stormed out with axes, maces, swords, bows and arrows, and spears. They formed a protective ring around the women and children. Women too were holding something or the other: a mug, cudgel or a knife. It felt good to see that there were places where they respected women, to let her take up arms.

But then again, would my mom have been the dragon rider, if there were other men back there? Probably not. There. Again I was thinking about Mom. By now probably she might have read the letter and might have even begun searching for me. Probably.

Find me. And again persuade me to become the dragon lord. I say no and everything happens again. Gods. Thor, help me!

I just stared at them staring at the sky. And that's when I heard it. The Nightfury call. Toothless's call. I spun my head and broke through the ranks just as a booming voice ran through the calm ocean breeze, "Catch that sneak!"

I groaned as I turned my head around. Stoick the vast was standing in the door, Astrid supporting him. Her eyes were sorry as she looked at me and shook her head: No

I kept rushing through, giving calls. Some tried to intercept me from the side, but training/fighting with Dragon hunters taught me quite a lot. So when someone jumped over me from the back, thinking to knock me down, I bent down and side-stepped, the dagger bringing a sharp cut on his back arm. He groaned and held his arm, the blood seeping out slowly. In front of me a young adult like me stood cracking his knuckles. I smiled, still running. His shaggy black hair and watery blue eyes frowned together as I rushed past him, my dagger neatly slicing his face. I knew I hadn't done much but that felt good. Probably he'd have a scar.

I had a scar on my shoulder while sparring with my mother when I was sixteen. Well that's when she began to teach me the use of the weapons. I was clumsy and WHAM! She had cut my shoulder, my right shoulder, my dominant shoulder. That's how I became a left-handed guy.

Mom. Again. I groaned as I picked a shield lying on the ground. Wasn't I ready to forget her, at least, yet?

"Catch him and throw him in the dungeons." Stoick's voice rang out again. All the people cheered on seeing him raise his hands. I began running and saw my destination the next minute, an arena on an island connected to the village with a bridge. I gave another call and got another too.

Toothless.

I slid under the door after crossing the bridge before cutting the bridge, hence separating us from the villagers. The arena wasn't much. Just grey walls and chains as the ceiling. My feet were blistered from running barefoot all the way from the house to the arena, right. What, I could have ran around three miles. I found a pair of fur-boots, thrown near a gate carelessly and put them on. They were a perfect match.

I gave the last call and Toothless replied to it from a door to my left. My dagger clattered to the floor as I opened the door. The bolt was really heavy. And when I did manage to open it, he jumped out.

"Toothless!" The Nightfury jumped out immediately and pounced on me, bringing up certain recent, unpleasant memories. He licked me to an extent that I need not have bathed for a few days. His saliva doesn't wash out. Ever.

My head began throbbing and my surroundings blurred. Toothless growled at me, lovingly, before I swooned, thus waking me up.

"Thanks bud." I sighed as I rubbed my head lightly. The bandage was ripping off and no blood flowed. Probably the blood had clotted. I crawled towards Toothless's bag and rummaged through it.

It was empty. Nothing at all.

"Argh..." I banged the ground and winced. Behind me the locked door pounded and the chief yelled.
>"Get out of there!"<p>

Astrid left his side and cautiously entered the arena. _How had they got this side? Hadn't I cut the bridge? _

She picked an axe and took a steady stance. She swung her axe carefully and Toothless growled. The dragon curled himself around me as I stood up. She was beautiful in looks but her stance and position, the way she swung her axe with experience, I realised that all that glitters is not gold. And certainly she wasn't gold. She was gun-powder, ready to blow up any minute now.

One of the men spoke, "Look Stoick, looks like da lass will kill de dragon today. Not tomorrow." The blonde one-hand-hooked-and-one-leg-pegged man chortled then grew quiet after he got a death stare from the Strawberry-blonde Chief.

"HA!" one of the younger blonde pushed a fist in the air. "I bet you seven coins sister Ruffnut. This boy will die - either by his dragon or by Astrid."

"Taking the challenge eh, brother?" Ruffnut gave a toothy grin as she rubbed her palms. "I hope not. He's hot." Ruffnut coyly said.

Okay, I was feeling awkward. Somehow, the thought of that girl, Ruffnut, being in my hands was way more repulsive than dying at Astrid's hand. Heck, dying at Astrid's hand was the sanest choice I had made since I landed in this god-forsaken land. I didn't know why Odin had made this island. _Why_ _did_ _you?_

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." I raised a hand in a defending position, the other reaching out for my dagger as I picked it up from the ground.

"Look dad! That's the knife that cut me." the boy, whose face I'd slashed with the dagger, said.

"Snotlout, not another word from you." Snotlout's father, I guessed, spoke. They both had the same hair and face-cut. Another guy was furiously scribbling in his book.

"Please, don't." I winced from pain and lowered my hand. Toothless saw this as a sign for attack and he let a small plasma blast near Astrid's legs. Astrid gasped; taking the chance of distraction, I climbed onto Toothless, my hands on the saddle. I looked behind and saw that Toothless's tail was still there, the black fabric still. Probably they hadn't realised that the tail was artificial. I was a good Leathersmith too, along with working with Dragons and Forges.

"Alright Toothless," I patted the dragon. "We're getting out of here, bud. Plasma Blast." Toothless fired a purple ball of heat at the chains of the ceiling and destroyed it. Then we flew out. Stuff or no Stuff, I wasn't going back there, even if it was decreed that I'd be buried there. The chief looked with astonished eyes like the eyes of the villagers, old and young alike, at us. I changed the gear and we left the village behind us, took a round before flying away.

The nausea of a head injury was getting me dizzy. I knew we had to land or else we could die falling down. If I fainted, then Toothless couldn't fly then we'd crash. Wasn't _that_ exactly what I wanted?

I decided to push my luck a little more until we at least flew out of the village borders, maybe till one of the sea stacks and then rest there before thinking of a plan to bring back my stuff.

I guess I had spoken too soon.

The world blurred, and there was a screaming pain in my head. I don't know what happened next. We lost altitude and I was separated from Toothless. My eyes rolled in my head after I felt Toothless's wings around me. And I passed out.

* * *

><p>I felt a dull throbbing in my head, and pain behind my eyes. Someone gave me a sloppy lick and I opened my eyes. Toothless looked at me, cocking his head, like he did when we decided to run away, from the nest.<p>

I sighed, Mom. I missed her so much.

"Toothless," my voice was hoarse and my head was screaming.

Toothless chased his tail and I propped myself on one hand. With the other hand I rubbed my temple and ran a hand through my hair till the cloth. Toothless disappeared from my peripheral view and I turned my head around, still finding it unbelievable that we survived. The details of the crash began replaying in my mind. I fainted. Toothless caught me, shielded me. Then we crashed into a forest, beside a lake. I sat up and looked around. The flora around me suggested that I was still in Berk and I groaned. The place was covered on all the sides by high cliffs. Little vines like those that covered the secret entrances in the nest tumbled down the rocky cliffs. The lights were dimming, the warmth of the sun disappearing as he disappeared. I knew it would soon be night. The sky was a dark blue with a tinge of red on the edges.

Toothless would miss his nightly flight. I felt so sad. Toothless turned around and crooned.

"I am sorry, bud. But no flights today." I said; Toothless pouted. "But you get a well deserved scratch underneath." I smiled and Toothless hopped around in happiness, silently. He just never ceased to amaze me. We spent the night together in silence, me and the dragon. "Today was such a long day. First running away. And now, this." I sighed.

Toothless growled, lovingly and I patted his head. "Thanks bud." I smiled at him before I lay down. The stars twinkled like white-silver gemstones. They would have looked lovely on Astrid.

_Well that girl was something, _Ithought_. Simple, serious, hardworking. What else?_ I spent some time thinking about the girl, her blonde hair and blue eyes, the way she'd shook her head at me. She _was_ beautiful. Then I closed my eyes. I dreamt of Mom and Cloudjumper and also had a small dream regarding Astrid swinging her axe.

The next morning I woke up when I heard a scream and a growl, both simultaneous. I sat bolt upright and looked around. A girl was

staring at me her mouth hanging open; behind her there was a crack through which, I thought, she might have come. Toothless growled protectively as he brought his tail around me. She was in a red shirt and a skulled skirt over blue pants. Her blonde hair was haphazardly tied and her blue eyes, Blue sapphire-like eyes, widened as she brought a hand to her mouth. In her hand was an axe. The girl was shocked.

Astrid was staring at me. And in her hand was an axe.

* * *

><p>So how did you like it? Was it nice? Tell me in the reviews. I like all sorts of reviews- Good, Bad, Sarcastic, Constructive... Anything.

****So Read, Review, Favourite and Follow.****

****NOTE****:** I will be busy for the coming week(s). So, a chapter, once a week, for you all. Don't pout like that ... (Do you have any idea how comical you look? LOL.) I too have a real life to lead now, don't I?******

""**HTTYD****forever****. ""**

3. Healing Bonds

****Hi guys...****

****I updated the chapters and decided to shift between Hiccup's and Astrid's POV, the way I do in my other fandom FanFic. That being said,****

****Let's get on with the chapter, alright?****

* * *

><p>ASTRID

I came there, to the cove, every day for my training and had expected it to be the same way - peaceful and energising. But when I saw the dragon trainer and the dragon sleeping peacefully, a scream of fear and shock escaped my lips, and the dragon, opened its eyes, bared its teeth at me and let a growl. I took a step back and my hand hovered over my trusty axe. The trainer shot up upright and stared at me, his green eyes giving me a questioning look. His bandage had come off and was hanging off the side of his face. I picked my axe in a defending stance as I took a step back before pointing my axe in his direction.

"Astrid! What a surprise!" he joked, dryly. Apparently he didn't entertain the thought of me being there.

"What are you doing here?" My voice trembled like my grip on the axe. I never felt so scared. The last time I had been, was when Uncle Finn was frozen in fear from that nasty Flight-mare. Gods. That had been such a hard time for me and my family- It was a shame. I was only four years.

"What am I doing here? What are you doing here?" He snapped back at me in a sarcastic manner, that should have brought a smile on my face but, seeing the situation, it didn't, sadly.

"This is my training spot. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I just dropped by." He shrugged and stood up, brushing his pants. "You know, crash-landed," he said in his nasally voice. I thought I saw something on his red shirt, but brushed the thought away. Why would I care? He stood as he brushed the scales of the dragon. That got my temper erupting like a volcano.

"Look you've got ten seconds to get the Hel out of here." I spoke carefully, as I lowered my axe ever so slightly.

"What?" He didn't even register it when I began counting.

"TEN!"

"No, just hold on -"

"NINE!" Something about his awkwardness and lack of stableness brought a thought to my mind and I smiled, seeing his horror struck face and his green eyes widened. Yeah, go ahead call me evil, the devil or Hel herself. I don't care. That dragon was getting its butt out of here or I will kill it. Besides I was supposed to kill it today right?

"EIGHT!" my voice rang out loud and clear in the silent woods, sending creepy premonitions through my head and making my hair stand on its end.

"Let me explain -"

"SEVEN! SIX!" I began counting fast. I wasn't interested in wasting my time for him. Either he got his dragon off the ground or he and the dragon died at my hands. I didn't care. I wanted this to be over with soon.

"FIVE! FOUR!" For some reason he opened his mouth but closed it while I barked the numbers. He sighed and looked at his dragon, murmuring slowly.

"Toothless, drop." That's all he had said as he raised his hand in front of the dragon, constantly over one spot, the dragon dropped and rolled onto its back, the foot kicking in an absent way.

"What the -" I lowered my axe, confused.

"I guess Toothless was the problem, wasn't it?" He shrugged as, kneeling, he ran his hand over the belly of the now immobilised dragon lovingly. "Toothless usually doesn't behave like that, unless absolutely necessary."

Me, was it necessary because of me? "I don't care what that dragon feels but I want you out of here." To be frank I was scared to kill a dragon. Not because I was scared of the dragon, no, I never was. I had killed the Monstrous Nightmare as my final test in dragon training. Gothi had chosen me herself. But since then, I hadn't

killed a dragon. Because I thought - Would it be possible to take my revenge on the Flight-mare for freezing Uncle Finn and then feel better?

Nope. Absolutely not.

I had seen many villagers, the chief himself too, who killed more and more dragons in the name of revenge but never felt satisfied with it. They just kept on killing more and more. That wouldn't bring Stoick his family back and certainly Valka and Hiccup had already sailed on to Asgard. Nothing would bring them back.

Nothing would. Ever.

The trainer ran his hand through his hair that wasn't covered by the now dirty brown-and-red bandage. I thought I had seen something shine but had brushed it off. Now I knew what I had seen. As the boy ran his hand through his hair and pulled it back, the hand was coated with something dark and sticky. There was the smell of copper in the air. Pretty much like my mother's copper jewellery.

Blood. His head was bleeding. And he had no idea.

I tried to gesture to him but he didn't grasp it. When I pointed to his hand, he saw it, the blood gently trickling down his hands. Instinctively he put his hand on the neck and pulled back. It was blood. He then looked at me, surprised. I saw his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat as he swallowed.

That was a bad idea.

It made him feel nauseous as his hand dropped to his stomach and he fell to his knees. At once, my axe clattered to the ground and I rushed at him, catching him just before he collapsed, just before his eyes rolled upwards. As I lay in that position, taking in the fact about the past moments, I realised I didn't know what to do. I had the mysterious Dragon Trainer in my hands (literally) and hadn't killed him yet. I could kill him now. I just peeked at the dragon, through the side of my eyes. It lay immobilised, unaware that its injured trainer was unconscious.

Then I looked at the trainer, as I brushed his brunette bangs from his face; his face was pale with dark freckles over his cheeks and nose. His warm blood coursed over my hands. I lay him on the ground slowly and walked to the small lake, his blood dripping from my hand, my head and heart chiding me for my act. Everything in me yelled, KILL HIM! HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

Everything, except me.

I washed my hands in the lake, the blood spreading in a gradient-like manner. The satchel I had bought every day since I had found the place, lay in the gravel a little far away, where it had dropped when I saw the traitors, dozing lazily in the morning sun. The sun was rising steadily; the sunlight peeked through the trees, making netted shadows on the green grass.

The reason I loved this place was because I could be who I was here, not a Viking, but a young girl who wants to have special moments selfishly to herself. The grass, the fragrance of lilacs and lilies,

the constant twittering of the birds, the occasional grunting of a stray wild boar, these sounds sent me to a different world, away from the hustle and the yelling of the Vikings, the calls of duties, away from the girl I had to be.

It was just so calm here that I was selfish as to block all sorts of routes that could lead to here, accidentally, with trees and rocks. I was selfish, a selfish Viking. That made me a traitor and a traitor is killed, whatever be the reason. But because of my abilities (and also that none knew about this place) I wasn't a traitor but a brave girl, a Valkyrie.

I walked back slowly taking in the fragrance of the flowers and then cringed at the smell of copper in the air. I picked the satchel and rummaged through it as I plopped down beside the rider. The colour was coming back to his face and it was evident that he would wake up soon.

I pulled out some water in a pouch and the new bandages I always put in for emergency purposes. As silently as possible, I took off the dirtied cloth and set it aside. Washing his head was a tough thing; he could wake up any moment now. The water carefully trickled down his head and over to my hand; it carried away the blood and the scrubs, leaving him light-headed. As swiftly as possible, I wrapped the new disinfected cloth tightly around his head. I had wrapped the first one, yesterday, and then the second one too, now. Well I hoped he would wake up sometime later.

He didn't. Something else did.

A growl from behind startled me as I put the stuff back inside the satchel. I turned around and stared into pearl green eyes of the dragon. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself stared at me. A thought came to my head:

"_Speed - Unknown, Size - Unknown. The unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance - Hide and pray it doesn't find you." _

That line had been in the Vikings' Book of Dragons that I had memorised in my training days. I just had a flash of how Bork might have felt when he had seen the dragon's ability for the first time in the history of the Vikings. The dragon snorted and then pushed me aside. I fell onto the ground scraping my elbow. As I sat up and looked at the dragon, massaging my elbow, hatred coursing through my veins alongside my blood, I didn't expect what I saw.

The dragon crooned and nudged at the auburn-haired. He groaned and murmured something I couldn't understand. As the dragon kept nudging him, pushing him more, I crept backwards to my axe. The dragon had pushed me and it was going to pay. The dragon grunted and snorted; the boy moved his hand weakly around as to swat the dragon like a bug. I reached my axe and held it in my hand. My hand was still reeking of blood, _his_ blood. I dipped my hand in the lake and then eased my grasp on the family heirloom. The dragon had been a problem, he was right then. And now, I would be right. When I kill it.

I crept ahead and raised my axe in a threatening way, but stopped, lowering it down. The boy said something and after moments of processing it, I understood.

"Astrid," the rider sighed. He had opened his eyes and was frowning at me, the green eyes focussed. "Will you please stop doing that?" he sighed as he propped himself up on his elbows.

"Sorry," I muttered, still stunned, placing my axe on the side as I sat down in front of him, careful not to be on the side of his dragon.

He must have noticed it because he said, "Astrid, he'll not hurt you." He was now sitting cross-legged as he grunted in effort and was patting the dragon.

"Only if you're around." I muttered under my breath, not wanting to look at him. Ruffnut had told me that she felt the rider to be hot. I now knew why. He was captivating in a dragon-like way. His Brunette hair spread over all of his face. I could see that he hated it falling over his face, over everything, when he shook his head, trying to get it out of his eyes. I managed a small smile in relief at the thought that he was as human as anyone around and not inhuman like a dragon. Well I didn't know about his dragon. It had beady eyes as it licked its rider once then twice and again. I laughed hardly, seeing him gasp.

"Toothless, STOP! ..." the dragon stopped and cocked his head. as the rider wiped his face then ran his hand over his hair till he came to the bandage. I had left a little of his bangs to fall over his forehead because he looked cute.

Wait, cute?

"...You know it doesn't wash out." He faltered as he felt cloth and looked at me. "You changed it?"

"Yeah. I did." I hid the smile. The fact that I was talking to the dragon rider who had tried to kill me the previous day was amusing and at the same time, disappointing.

He ran his hand once again through his head and stared in the distance. He seemed lost. "Thank you." Was all that he told. Then he looked at me.

"You're welcome." I smiled at him and he returned it. He had a small dimple on his cheek. It made him look cuter.

Wait, cute? Again?

"Hi, I am Astrid. Astrid Hofferson." I pushed my hand out, hoping he would shake my hand. He stared at me and then at me hand while I shook my hand a little.

He grasped my hand and we shook slightly before he withdrew his hand.

"Nice to meet you. I am Hi-Haemir." He stuttered and smiled. "Just Haemir."

I smiled once again. He was not as bad as I thought he'd be. I had just befriended Haemir the dragon rider. The rider of the Nightfury. The thought was exhilarating.

"You must be hungry" I asked as I pulled out two bread rolls and a couple of fishes and tossed them to Toothless. The dragon sniffed at it and chucked it down into his throat.

"Yeah, I could eat." He shrugged and then reddened on hearing his stomach growl in hunger. I laughed as I passed him some bread with a little wine.

"You'll love it." he bit into his bread and chewed. I looked into my bread, blushing. _He_ _was_ _cute. _I admitted it.

I liked Haemir.

I really did.

* * *

><p>Haemir and Hiccup are the one and the same person.

Guest #1**: Thanks. I feel nice, knowing another HiccStrid Fan. Hope you like this chapter. ;) **

4. Deciding Lives

**Hi guys, I am posting this chapter today because I got a holiday these two days. But next chapter, next week. ;) **

**Anyways, enjoy the chapter... **

* * *

><p>HICCUP

For once I didn't hate the water.

Around the nest in the silent sea, back home, it was icy water. I hated both drinking and bathing in those waters. In the younger days of my seemingly small childhood, the only way to make me bath was only if it was scalding hot water. How hard Mom had worked to fulfil my persistent desire? (Although, it didn't take much other than swishing her staff in the air and making a dragon heat it up) I didn't hate water, just the fact that it was ice-cold. And when Toothless came, I began to love water and also loved swimming; not a day passed without me and Toothless diving into the water and emerging out wet.

Mom. I missed her so much. I had no idea how she must have felt reading my letter. And everything I had - to remind me of the times we had - was taken away when I landed in that Damned village.

Why couldn't I have been more careful?

Setting my thoughts aside, I shrugged my shirt off and rolled my pants. The boots were lying on the edge of the lake, kicked. I took a breath and plunged into the water. Toothless crooned behind me and a moment later, I broke to the surface gasping and swallowing air greedily, before swimming back. The water here was warm in the

morning, but in the night it grew cold, so cold that I didn't even drink from there, until Toothless heated it up. I smiled as I kicked a few more laps. The previous day, I had taken off my 'awesome headgear' and so was eager to swim. Toothless hadn't flown for three days. I mentally noted to go on a long flight that night. As I kicked a few more laps around, one more thought occurred to me.

Astrid.

After changing my bandage three days ago, we had spent talking about our lives (I didn't tell my mother's name, naturally) Astrid had a brother Gunnar and lived with her parents, Egil and Inga **[1]** in Berk. She had topped her dragon classes and had killed the Monstrous Nightmare, therefore becoming a fully fledged Viking. To my surprise, although, she hadn't killed a dragon ever since. When I had asked her about it she had shrugged.

"It will never satisfy me." That's all she said. And also, I owed her for not killing Toothless, at least not yet. Who knew how fickle-minded women could get?

A few more laps and the village of Berk sprang up in my head, my well-healing head. The village was peaceful, only they had enmity with Dragons. Astrid had told me that the dragons came periodically and raided their village, succeeding every time in taking their livestock and destroying their houses. Berk had moved four times in the whole generation before settling down on this island. Yet, it appeared that it never seemed to end. I never knew Astrid could be so... philosophical. Hadn't Mom told me that all Vikings depended more on their brawns? Astrid was the first who didn't just depend of her fighting skills; she was also a strategist and worked more with her brain. In fact, she was the one who worked with the chief of the village, Stoick the Vast. Astrid spoke of the chief as though he were Odin, himself **[2]**

What was special in him anyways? He was just a well built Viking who really knew nothing else but to capture people and throw them in the dungeons, that too without a trial. The chief took decisions without the consent of the one whom the decision concerned.

I swam for some time that way and came to the edge of the lake and plopped myself onto the bank on my back. The sun was high in the noon, so I couldn't stare at the sky. Instead I focussed on my surroundings by closing my eyes. The light came red through my eyes and I inhaled, opening all my senses to the nature around me.

There was twittering of birds, occasional grunts of a boar, the fragrances of roses and lilies, the soft grass beneath me, swaying in the wind. The water tickling my half submerged feet, the wind tickling my bare chest, and a couple of other natural sound that â€

A scream rang out, a stark contrast to the voices of the nature, and I jumped, spinning around to see Astrid, her axe behind her and a sword in the scabbard, her hands on her eyes. She was yelling hopelessly, "What in the name of Thor, are you doing?" Although I wasn't quite sure she meant her question, seeing her peek through her fingers, a smile tracing her face like a gently flick of a paint brush. It looked as though she wasn't sure about what she'll do. I

hastily pulled my shirt back on.

"What do you think you're doing?" Astrid came stomping on the ground as she punched me in the arm, lightly. "That is for taking off your bandages." And then she punched me in the gut; I cringed. It wasn't painful, but every hurt pains initially. "That is for swimming half naked in the water."

"What -" I looked at her and stopped: her face looked as though she had cried for a long time in gods-know-where place. "Astrid, are you okay?" I asked, reaching out for her but pausing in the middle, when she nodded her head hastily. Her face was puffed up, all pinks and reds. Her blue eyes were small and she was still gasping.

"Why did you take off the bandage?" she asked her hands on her hips, one hand trailing the scabbard's length. So she saw the cloth lying near Toothless, who came jumping around on seeing Astrid and gave her a sloppy lick

"Ugh..." she groaned rubbing her face, hopelessly and then washing her face in the lake water. "How do you manage to -?"

"Just get on with it, I guess." I shrugged/smiled as I pulled her up. "You are crying." It was supposed to be a question, but rather came out as a statement. She didn't reply anything; she just shoved an iron sword into my hand.

"What is -?"

"Just spar against me." she sniffed as she pulled her axe over. Toothless looked at me and I shrugged, not knowing what it meant. The dragon plopped himself on the ground, his eyes open for anything interesting.

"Will that make you feel better?" I asked, as I moved back, the sword switching from my right hand to my left and then back to right.

"Maybe," she gave a tired smile as she grasped her axe, tightly.

* * *

><p>I made the first move, going ahead for a direct attack, my sword in the air. She smirked as she side-stepped and brought her axe onto my sword, toppling it out of my right hand. I caught the sword, with my left hand but had no time to switch it back " Astrid brought her axe in a round arc, meant to cut my head in one sweep. I bent down and the axe swished past like as though slicing the air. I parried with my left hand and jumped back, taking my defensive stance. Her eyes flitted between my sword and my hand.<p>

"Ambidextrous **[3]**?" she asked as her eyebrows rose; I nodded, grinning. This was going to be fun.

She smirked before attacking me. As much as I had a crush on her (yes I admit it.) I wasn't going to lose against her. At least when I couldn't bear to see anyone cry for no reason. We parried for some time, analysing each other's moves and attacks. Then she made her move. She brought her axe down hard on the sword and the CLANG! of two metals vibrated through the forest. She had the upper hand, the

sword and the axe a few inches from my throat. I let my guard down just by a tiny inch, letting her slice her way through just until it was moments before she'd have cut my head. I gave a realistic mock cry and she faltered, confused. Seizing that moment, I counter-tackled her and her axe went flying into my hand. In the next minute, the blade of her axe stared at her while my sword slide smoothly behind her, placing Astrid in a do-or-die situation: to move and die (although I wouldn't kill her) or accept defeat.

She just stood there, gasping for air as my head throbbed. I managed to hold my ground, staring at her. She just stood there staring at me, her mouth opened in a very seductive way. I could just lean in...

"Alright, I give up." Astrid spoke, cutting my thoughts as she raised her hands. "You are one efficient swordsman." She smiled as I tossed her axe back to her. Toothless hopped around us and then tackled me off my feet giving me tens of sloppy licks as Astrid laughed hard.

"I'd love to see you guys fight." She tried to push the dragon away. "It'd be interesting."

"Don't even think about it." I pushed the dragon off my body and it coughed. I frowned at the dragon, flicking its saliva off my hands onto the dragon's face. "So I win, right?" I asked her and immediately regretted it; her face grew small as she turned away, rubbing her arm in a careful way.

"Haemir," she said. I was not still used to that name. Wasn't there a man somewhere in the 'Green Flame archipelago' *[4]** whose name was Haemir?

"Haemir?" She spoke once again.

"Yeah?"

"I might be getting married." She spoke, her voice indecipherable as she spun around her eyes brimming with tears.

* * *

><p>"Just wait. Snotlout?" I asked in disbelief.<p>

We were sitting on the edge of the lake, Astrid on my right and Toothless on my left. I was scratching Toothless although I wasn't in a mood. Astrid had her head in her hands.

"Yes, the one whose face you slashed the first day here," She gave a sad smile; I returned it and toothless nudged me. I frowned at him and the dragon smacked its tail on my head, sending pixies in front of my eyes.

"Toothless!" I pushed the dragon exasperatedly.

"Don't be harsh on him." she sighed.

"What?" I asked momentarily distracted.

She sighed again before stretching her bare feet into the water. "The

Jorgensens didn't ask me. Stoick did."

Okay, seriously I really hated the chief now. "What did you tell him?"

"I said I still didn't decide and that I will see. It wasn't his fault but." She sighed once again, while tracing her axe blade with her finger. I noticed that the blades had simple runes carved into it.

" _Guyenne veiled deg I raised ad Livet ditto." _**[5]**

"_poate viaÈ>a ta sĂf fie plinĂf de pace È™i prosperitate." "
_**[6]**

"The heir to the throne is Snotlout." she said. "Stoick doesn't trust Snotlout to rule as Just and truthful as him. So he just asked me _"

"- to marry and keep a watch over him. Make sure he takes care of the village."I finished, stunned at where this was heading to.

"Yes, he just wants it for the good of Berk. He knows I hate that Jorgensen." Astrid looked at me. And I don't know what to feel. Astrid didn't deserve this.

"What will you do?" my heart was thundering against me skin. If she said yes then...

"I don't know, Haemir. It's like I want to but I don't. It's a mess." She sighed, wiping a few tears.

"You want to marry that man?" I asked exasperatedly in disbelief. "Snotlout Jorgenson?"

"I don't want to marry him _for_ _him_, but for _Berk_." She looked at me. "That's what it is all about. Trade and relations. Besides..." she trailed off leaving me in thought.

_She was going to throw her life in Hel for her village, for her family. And me? __I was the one who ran away from my responsibilities, my duty of becoming the dragon lord. She was here facing her future, and me? Did I deserve a selfless girl like her?_

No, no I didn't.

"Do you want to do this?" I questioned her. "Listen to your heart, it'll tell you where to go." I was listening to my heart and it told me I was supposed to be back in the nest, learning to control dragons, not here in the woods spending time with a girl

"Uh..." she nodded and stood up. The sun was setting already.

How long had we sat there?

"Thanks Haemir." She gave a sad smile as I returned the sword to her. "No," she shook her head and pushed the sword back to me. "This belongs to you." She put the sword in my hand and wrapped her hands around it. "For you."

"I don't deserve it." _I'll never deserve it._

"You do." She insisted, running her fingers over runes that were also decorated into the blade of the sword. When I read it, I was stunned.

" _til en nÃ|rmest mitt hjerte, jeg gi deg min kjÃ|rlighet." "
_**[7]**

* * *

><p>So how was it?

[1] Gunnar (brother), Egil (father) and Inga (mother) are the family members of Astrid as written in "Inner Struggles" written by **_InsertACreativeNameHere. **_**(Check her out, the story is really good. She's in my favourite authors list)**

P.S. - the ideas for the foot-notes too, came from her.

[2] Odin, Thor â€" Valka had taught Hiccup about the Norse gods as a part of his education.

[3] Ambidextrous â€" it means someone who can use both hands effectively (I am ambidextrous in playing badminton =P)

[4] I believe there are other Archipelagos in the world, not just the Barbaric Archipelago. As for the name, I made it up just then :p

**[5] "The gods guide you in the journey of your life" in Norwegian. (Google translate) **

[6] "May your life be filled with peace and prosperity" in Romanian. (Google translate, courtesy)

[7] My personal favorite - **_"To the one closest to my heart, I give you my love." **_**in Norwegian (Google Translate)**

I was SQUEALING! in delight when I came to the end!

also if there is any mistake please don't hesitate to rectify it. PM me or tell in the reviews. either way it's fine.

Thank you for everything...

5. Decisions of Love

Hi there, long time no see...

I made my "Wattpad account", so those having a "Wattpad" account, check out my story(s) it's

**1) The same username- tigerfire54 and **

**2) My name's "Indian River" **

3) The Profile Pic's the same...

****Also there is no TDC there, just my other fandom FanFic Mysterious Connections and TDRD... I'll be posting chapters both there and here...****

****A request to all readers: please read the foot notes. I know some of you skip it (Cuz, I skip them myself, on rare occasions). But foot notes are as important as head notes (that are visible to the audience i.e. you readers) ****

****TheSilentFury:**** True, he should've. Don't worry. There'll be moments...****

****ShadowSpirit020****: Heck, it was just a thought, just a request. She's to consider it too, doesn't she? Well, we'll just have to see...****

* * *

<p>VALKA

We touched down back home the next night. To be frank, I hadn't expected ships to be patrolling the borders of the Alpha's reign. It was hard work, sending them off in the most Viking-like way. Whatever, I was getting old, and Hiccup needed to take training from me. I decided to ask him at dawn when he went for his morning flight because, when we descended, the lights in his room were off and I didn't want to disturb them while they slept, especially Hiccup. Gods forbid what he would do if he was woken up in the middle of the night.

The minute we descended, Cloudjumper gave a roar. When I looked at him, he pointed to Hiccup's room. _Hiccup?_ I brushed the Storm-Cutter's thoughts aside as I settled on my bed. But when he growled once again, I lost my temper.

"Cloudjumper!" I hissed, giving him a hard look. "They're sleeping." I shushed him and turned away as I lay down. I didn't know when he slept, but I was sure I fell asleep before him. The dragon's consistent growls were like lullaby to my ears. After some time, the sounds too grew dim as the dragon rested on the ground, using its tail as a cover for its face.

That night nothing disturbed us. We slept as though dead.

* * *

<p>In the morning I was the first to wake up; Cloudjumper was dozing, still. After a bit of freshening up, I opened the door to Hiccup's room. Usually if he was woken up by his dragon, he wouldn't be as cranky as he would have, had I woken him up.<p>

But he wasn't there.

The room was neat and kept tidy, a habit I ensured he followed because I was tired of cleaning up Stoick's dirty mead-laden table and chair, back in the old days. Those days were the toughest and it had even become more when Hiccup had come along. I missed Stoick a lot, a lot more than my own parents, probably because he was my family, my only family. After the marriage, my parents were no longer

my parents. I closed my eyes remembering those first moments on our first night as husband and wife, when I was crying and Stoick had consoled me and given me a surprise: my brother Dreawes **[1]**. Apparently Dreawes was sent to take care of me in our new island home while my other brother stayed back in Skjaldey **[2]**, continuing the family there. I was so happy at that time.

Hiccup wasn't in bed but, neither was Toothless. I assumed that they had gone on a flight a little early.

Good, I thought. _He'll need to be fit. There is no reason to fall sick._ Nodding so, I went back into the main room. Cloudjumper was awake and the dragon was staring at me as though I were a lunatic. I _was_ a lunatic in front of the Vikings, not dragons. I frowned at him in a playful way and the dragon rolled its eyes as though I were missing a point and growled at Hiccup's room again.

"Cloudjumper," I sat beside him, giving him a well deserved relaxing scratch. The dragon was as tired as me and needed to be awarded his meals. He had fallen like dead on his bed and was really hungry. So after scratching beneath his fire-glands I walked to the kitchen fire and tossed him some fish that he gulped down with gusto.

"We'll have some rest. Once Hiccup comes we'll go on rounds, alright?" I asked the dragon; the dragon hid itself behind its tail. I laughed and closed my eyes, lying on my bed, the coarse cotton being the only barrier between my warm skin and the cold stones. He'll come soon, thinking so, I fell asleep.

A few hours later, I suddenly bolted upright from my dreamless sleep. The sun was shining high in the sky, and so I assumed my son had come. The Storm-Cutter was sleeping soundly. Wiping my face, I made my way to my son's room, expecting him to be scratching his dragon or scribbling furiously in one of those books with charcoal sticking out of his hair in a messy way, the room floor hidden by spare or dirty parchments of ideas. He, fixing his armour, was accepted too. Or him sleeping, at least. Certainly not an empty room that looked the same as I had seen at the break of dawn.

I walked around, searching for him. I opened a few cupboards and got the shock of my life: everything was stripped clean. The cupboard was clean, stripped clean. Nothing there gave a sign that Hiccup had

â€œ

Enough, I instructed myself, taking a deep breath. _He'd be just coming, now, just about now._ But nothing about the room was encouraging. Hastily I fumbled pulling drawers free and opening other cupboards. Some of the drawers were full, untouched but a few of them was stripped clear. The air was of a balmy sea scent, not something disgusting but good in a way, like Nightfury saliva.

"Stop, He's just coming." I told myself before looking at his room again. My hopes rose again seeing the messy room before it all dropped down as I realised that I had dirtied the room, searching for him.

A growl caught my attention; Cloudjumper was there cocking his head before looking around and shaking his head in a dragon-like way. Fear and worries overcame me as I crashed down. I hadn't even realised that tears had begun to flow down my cheeks until Cloudjumper wiped

them with his wings delicately. My hands automatically went to my mouth as I cried into it, looking around for a sign that he'd come, a sign that he'd never left â€œ

I gasped as the thought struck me. _Did Hiccup leave yesterday?_ I hadn't even bothered to check on him. He had been so angry and distraught after I had mentioned my wish of his becoming the Dragon Lord after me. His eyes had widened and his shoulders sagged as he moved his arms around in a very vibrant manner. He was... I don't know... so disappointed.

Cloudjumper nudged me as I wiped my tears. I knew I couldn't speak dragons, but the look the Storm-Cutter gave me, I understood what he wanted to convey â€œ _Let's get out there and search for him. Crying is not going to be useful._

So true.

Wiping my face, I hopped onto Cloudjumper in a minute and we soared into the sky with mixed hopes. I didn't know what to react. I hadn't even expected it to be that way.

What had he done? _Hiccup, what have you done?_

* * *

><p>The whole afternoon and night we had searched. Cloudjumper had hardly rested. He had been awake the time I was asleep in the sanctuary. The dragons flew in every direction but none of them brought any news.<p>

Nothing about him. Nothing at all.

I began crying into my hands, in those hands that took care of him since he was a child, those hands that heated up the water he refused to bath in... A flurry of memories flashed against the back of my eyes and I cried on. All the dragons around me grew silent as I heard my sobbing loud and clear. Cloudjumper frowned as he crooned. I wiped my tears hastily and fed all the dragons that had helped me for no reason tons of fish.

They all deserved it. I didn't.

* * *

><p>The next two days the hope that he would come just hanged from my heart, connected by a sliver of a string. It was dangling and swishing and I was scared that it would break any minute then.<p>

Two days.

I spent two days waiting. But, no. He never appeared, and neither did his dragon. The past two days had been spent in agony and motherly pain.

It was enough for me. I broke down completely. I began crying on Cloudjumper's scaly skin, my hands wrapping around its huge neck. I just stayed that way for the whole night. When I woke in the morning, I realised that I was still sobbing. Cloudjumper stood up and walked

behind me when I went to drink some water to quench my thirst and parched throat.

"Cloudjumper," I gave a tired smile as I caressed him. "I'll be fine. I'll be in Hiccup's room if you need me." Saying so, I strode into his room and sat on his bed. Well, he never slept on it. It was mostly beside Toothless that he slept, on the heated up floor. I just brushed the coarse cotton bed sheet he never used. It felt so ... distant. There were a few charcoal sketches pinned on the rocky brown walls. Pictures of him and me, him and Toothless; some were of his ideas for Toothless' prosthetic, each one better than the previous. The pictures of himself were the ones that I wanted as of then as I reached out to grab one. How fluid his sketches were, slim and flexible, as though a Roman musician were playing a harp, soft tunes emitting from the instrument. His imagination was wonderful although I did wonder as to why he would have such an artistic imagination â€" Stoick never had such imagination and I didn't think I could have it. He truly was a miracle.

Seeing his beautiful self portrait, I cried for some time, silent tears making their way to my pointed jaw line. His portrait brought forth a few thoughts and flashes of vision which disturbed me a lot

—

_If Hiccup was gone, he wouldn't be coming back for a month at least. If he wasn't coming back for a month, he was sure to have made friends somewhere: Vikings who kill dragons or Vikings who ride dragons. _

Either way it might not be good for the sanctuary.

_What if he made friends with the enemies â€" Like Drago Bludvist?

—

Hiccup was gullible and naive; he wouldn't able to differentiate between the good and the bad. Wasn't he, a few days ago, persuading me to talk to Drago Bludvist, to solve our problems in a peaceful manner?

I had shushed him: a chief protects his own. He hadn't taken that well â€" he had come home late in the night all frowning and pouting and, without a second thought, had crashed, asleep.

Either way, not knowing how long he'll take, it was dangerous to remain here.

And without a moment's hesitation, I decided what happened to be the harshest decision I had taken since I decided to leave Stoick and live with the dragons.

I looked at the room, felt the cotton under my hand, took in gulps of air, tangy Balmy sea-ice air and opened my eyes.

"We're leaving. Now."

* * *

><p>The poor dragon had no idea as to what I was doing, as rushing here and there and collecting stuff, putting in Rucksacks. The dragon crooned at me and I looked at him. The dragon moved to my side and

nudged me.<p>

"Cloudjumper," I sighed as I patted his head. "We're leaving." The dragon gave out a painful growl that surprised me. "What's the matter?"

The dragon pushed me away from the rug sack and to Hiccup's room.

"NO!" hearing my raised voice the dragon stopped. "He's gone. He won't be coming back for a long time..." I trailed off, my eyes filling up again before I snapped back and filling the bags. "We're leaving, Cloudjumper." My voice came out lower than I thought. The dragon cocked its head at me.

"Listen, if Hiccup comes back, he'll come with friends. They may be Friends or enemies. It's best not to take any chances." I sighed and put my hand on the cool rock wall. Brushing my hand over it, an idea flashed.

"Cloudjumper!" I hissed the Storm-Cutter's name and it came bounding towards me. "Release fire." I instructed the dragon pointing at the wall with one hand, the other fumbling for an instrument on the rocky platform beside. After the dragon spew fire and I had got a dagger, I began carving a message, a message I knew Hiccup would understand, a message he was not supposed reveal to anyone. I considered myself an expert in really Ancient runes so I made sure that Hiccup too learnt the runes. Not many people knew runes, hence it was an advantage when we had to communicate between attacks, to inform each other of news we had gathered.

I sighed. It was such a long time ago.

The runes were hard to carve in spite of the heated up rock, which should have made it easier. But nevertheless, it came out perfect. I looked at the dagger in my hand. From holding it tight, blood was seeping from my hand and I wiped the blood hastily, sticking the dagger hard into the rock, such that it went as deep as its hilt. Hiccup had made it for me.

A rune stood out in a lucid handwriting, bringing out old memories
-

Hiccup had come out of the Dragoon forge, wiping his hands on a grey cloth. I was sitting there scratching Toothless while he sat beside me.

"_So, what did you make?"_

_The fifteen-year old smiled as he handed me over a slim dagger, with intricate designs on the hilt and a rune on the sharp blade,
-

"_Dette er for deg, mamma, med kjÃ|rlighet, hikke_" **[3] **

"_It's beautiful, Hiccup." I smiled, turning the blade in my hands. It was done with precision, all the figures on the hilt easily distinguishable. Hiccup was working on his own invention, for some reason, he didn't want me to see. I assumed this was what he didn't want me to see. _**[4]**

"_I thought you might like it," he shrugged while running his hand through his hair._

I ruffled his auburn hair as he smirked. I began seeing Stoick in him. His eyes and jaw, they were all his. I wiped a hidden tear as my son snuggled in with me, between Toothless and Cloudjumper. It was such a simple moment - Mother and son, sitting together in front of a fire, warming fish that their dragons eat.

It felt such a long time ago.

I brushed the cool hilt slightly before snapping out of the flashback. Cloudjumper looked at me nodded. After placing the rug-sacks on the dragons, I swung myself over Cloudjumper, my trusty staff in my grasp. Everything in me told not to leave.

_I was doing it for the dragons. _My mind retorted back. Hiccup and I had taken a pledge to do what was the best for the dragons even if it cost either of them their lives. I consoled myself, telling it was the pledge that I was following.

One final look at the cave that sheltered me and my son for years and we were off. The dust rose up behind us as the dragons flapped behind and the Alpha Bewilderbeast followed.

And all the other dragons of the Sanctuary followed it. In a few hours my former home was a speck, a sole dot of hope for life in the middle of the unending sea.

I had no idea where I was heading to, but something told me to trust my instincts and my instincts told me to move Southwest.

And so I did.

* * *

><p>Hi guys I hoped you guys enjoyed this chapter. I was struggling to search for something to add for Valka in the hard copy draft in my notebook, but When I began typing, everything seemed to fall in place. I guess I was lucky.

Isnt it interesting, the fact that both Valka and Hiccup thought they didn't deserve something they thoroughly deserved?

On with the footnotes:-

[1] I assumed Valka came from another island, hence her brother was sent to accompany the bride to her new home. As for the name, I don't know if it is an authentic, but I liked it, hence I am putting it.

[2]Skjaldey â€" I have no idea what it means. But the â€"ey in the end signifies an island.

[3] This is for you, Mom, Hiccup â€" Norwegian. (Google translate)

**[4] Well sure Hiccup didn't want his mother to see her surprise; but his invention that he didn't want her to see was Inferno, the

fire sword.**

That being said, hope you guys liked it...

Read & Review, Favourite & Follow. =) =D

End
file.